The Favourite Song of Hook or by Crook.

A Few years ago, in the days of my grannam,
A worthy good woman as ever broke bread,
What lectures ſhe gave in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd till ſhe laid herſelf down on her bed
She never declin'd what ſhe once undert.
But twiſted, perſiſted,
Now flatter'd, now ſpatter'd,
And always ſucceeded by hook or by crook.

Said ſhe child whatever your fate is hereafter,
If married, if ſingle, if old, or if young;
In madneſs, in ſadneſs, in tears, or in laughter,
But follow my maxims you cannot do wrong;
Each paſſion, each temper, I always cou'd brook,
When ſcolded, I molded,
When heated, retreated,
And manag'd my matters by hook or by crook.

Enſnar'd by her counſels I ventur'd to marry,
And fancy'd a wife, by my grand mother's rules,
Might be taught, like a ſpaniel, to fetch and to carry,
But ſoon I found out that we both had been fools,
In vain I ſhow'd madam the wonderful book,
I coax'd her, I box'd her,
But truly, unruly,
Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook.